



ABOVE—General Sarraill (second from left), shown inspecting bombs at a French camp in Syria. He has since been recalled to Paris to explain the bombardment of Damascus

## A Gentleman Of Courage

(Continued from Page Four)

for you. I'd let his father go and forget everything—for something I want was stunned by the change in her. She had laid a hand on his arm. Her eyes were shining at him. "But you must tell the truth. There isn't any need to lie. What did you do to Peter—when he came to the island?" Her fingers pressed his flesh. There was almost a smile on her lips.

"The smoke was thick," said Aleck. "I heard him coming and hid in the water. Then I stunned him with a club. He ain't bad—not badly hurt—but he's safe enough on the island!"

Mona crushed back the little cry of relief that wanted to come to her lips. Her eyes glowed at Aleck, and suddenly one of his big hands closed about the one she had laid on his arm. She could feel his breath as he bent over her. "I told you my time would come," he cried in a husky, exultant voice. "My day! And it's here. I got 'em both—safe—one to hang, the other—"

"Sh-h-h!"

She placed a finger to her lips. It was an excuse to draw away from him, get her hand free—and not let him hear the terrified beating of her heart. She looked up again at the cliff.

"Did you hear anything?"

"No. And if anyone hears us it's going to be your fault and not mine!"

It was impossible to escape the look in his face and eyes. It was not

necessary for him to use words. But Mona did not flinch from her peril. It was not only her danger, but Peter's, and Donald McRae's, and Simon's if he had he had harmed Carter. It had suddenly and unexpectedly become her fight—all hers, and she knew that Aleck Curry thought she was yielding, and that the brute in him was held in leash only by this belief that was beginning to possess him. If he guessed the truth, guessed that she was fighting to trick him, nothing would save her, not even her assertion that Carter was on the cliff above them. So she smiled again at Aleck, and laughed very softly, with a nervous twisting of her hands. Her eyes had never looked at him as they were looking at him now. They were like glowing stars, velvety-soft—hiding hate and desperation behind them. She had never looked half so beautiful, or so unresisting, to Aleck Curry.

Her fingers pressed his arm again. "I must get Carter away," she whispered. "I've got to do it, Aleck! He mustn't know. I'll hurry. And then I'll come back. I promise!"

Horror seized her as she felt him drawing her toward him. But still she did not resist. With a low cry, his great arms were about her. She felt herself almost broken against him, and then she was helpless, her head bent back, and his thick lips killing her with kisses. Again her strength left her, and she lay limp in his arms, smothered in his passion. Those moments of helpless and agonized passiveness saved her. To Aleck it was surrender. His arms loosened and allowed her to breathe. Weakly she pressed against him, and he allowed her partly to free herself. But she

could still feel his hot breath like a poisonous fume in her face. He bent forward and kissed her again—on the mouth. It almost choked her.

"I must—must get Carter away!" she gasped. "Then I'll come back. If you won't let me do that, I'll—I'll scream—and Carter will hear us. But if you'll let me get him away, so he'll never know—never be able to tell Peter—"

It was unnecessary for her to finish. Aleck's face was transformed by an iniquitous joy. He looked close into her face, and she looked back at him, unafraid.

"I'll let you go—and get Carter away," he said. "If you don't come back soon, I'll go to Five Fingers—and you know what that means for Peter and his father."

"I'll come," she lied.

She climbed up the narrow footpath to the top of the cliff, and getting her breath there, she called Carter's name—loudly enough for Aleck to hear.

Then she began to run. She was still weak, and it seemed to her that the poison of Aleck Curry's embraces and kisses followed her. She began to sob under her breath. There was no turning of the ways for her now. She must tell someone the truth—anyone—the first man she met. But Simon first of all. On the little island Peter might be dying. Maybe Aleck had killed him, for it was in his power to do so and still be within the law. She began to moan his name. Then she came to the crest of a high knoll which was bare of trees, and what she saw ahead of her stopped her, gulping for breath, and almost falling in her exhaustion.

A wind was in her face. And northward there was no longer a black pall of smoke but a world afire. The glow of the conflagration reached from the earth to the sky. It swept in a great arch, and red seas of flame were lapping from peak to peak of the farther ridges. Pierre Gourdon's fear had become a reality. The fire was racing with the speed of the wind itself upon Five Fingers.

She ran on. Her hair caught in the brush, and she clutched it in front of her. She came at last to the edge of the clearing and staggered across

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Matter of the Estate of Tillie Summers, late of the Town of Aylmer, in the County of Elgin, Widow, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to Sec. 56 of the Trustee Act (R.S.O. 1914, Ch. 121) that all creditors and others having claims or demands against the estate of the said Tillie Summers, who died on or about the Third day of November 1925, are required to or before the Sixth day of January 1926, to send by post prepaid or deliver to Gordon Winder, R. R. 2, Springfield, Ontario, and Mrs. Lena Ball, Aylmer, Ontario, the Executors of the Last Will and Testament of the said deceased, their Christian names and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims, a statement of their accounts and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them.

AND TAKE NOTICE that after such last mentioned date the said executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have notice, and that the said executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claims notice shall not then have been received by them at the time of such distribution.

Dated December 8th, 1925.

E. A. MILLER,  
 Solicitor for the said Executors  
 12-10, 17, 24, 31



Viscount Leverhulme, now in America, to arrange the sale of his late father's famed art collection. The English public has protested, and royalty has even offered to buy some paintings to keep them at home.

There were lights in the cabins, in her own home, in Adette Clamart's, in Dominique Beauvais's and half a dozen others. But Simon's was dark. Yet she swayed toward that, hopeful to the last—and almost at the door she came upon Simon. He was rigid and still, like a shadow. She could see his gray, hard face. Then he heard her panting to gasp out her terrible news, and his arms reached out and gathered her to him—and she told him what had happened to Peter.

Ten minutes later Simon was leaving in a salubrious

"It's so dark Curry won't see me when I pass through the mouth of the inlet," he said. "And I'll reach Peter in half an hour."

Mona went back to McQuarries cabin, climbed to Peter's room and lighted a lamp. In a cedar box she found Peter's thirty-eight-caliber automatic and loaded it with skilful fingers. Then she extinguished the light, descended the ladder and left the cabin in the direction of her tryst with Aleck Curry. There was only one thing for her to do, and her mind was quite fixed. It was her right to be at the end of the point waiting for Simon and Peter. And if Aleck threatened her—or put his hands on her again—she would kill him. That the one way out. It would save Peter, and Peter's father, and herself.

It was not a monstrous thing, but a just and righteous act—this wiping out of existence of a creature who threatened to destroy everything that made her world a fit place to live in. She had nearly passed the Clamart cabin when a white figure ran out of the gloom, and she had only time to hide the pistol in her dress when Adette Clamart was holding her excitedly by the arm. Adette's lovely face was white, and she was half out of breath from running.

"It is terrible!" she cried. "Jamae says the fire will be at your beaver pond within an hour, and he has just started in that direction with Jeremie Poulin and Carter to keep it from coming over the last ridge."

"Carter!" gasped Mona.

"Yes. Jamae told him about the cabin Peter built, and Carter said it was a shame not to save it, and the beavers. Jamae says it is impossible—that a hundred men couldn't keep the fire back—but Carter insisted and they've gone!"

Mona tried to force words from her lips, and thanked God that Adette hurried on, crying back to her that she was making an attempt to overtake Jamae before he got out of the clearing, to give a lunch which he had forgotten Carter had—returned and

was on his way to the cabin in which Peter's father was hidden! And that cabin, Jamae said, would be in the heart of the fire within an hour. With Peter dead or wounded on the island, and Simon gone, what hope was there now for Donald McRae? If the fire did not reach his cabin first, Carter would get him, and if the fire beat out Carter—

Mona's dry lips gave a little cry. Through the pitch-filled evergreen forest about the beaver pond the fire would sweep in a destroying inundation which no living creature could outrace if the wind was behind it; and Donald McRae, sick and helpless, would be the first human victim in its descent upon Five Fingers.

The peril which was threatening Peter's father from two directions worked a swift and thrilling change in Mona. She must beat out Carter—and she must beat out the fire! Though of Aleck Curry became secondary to this more immediate necessity. She could settle with Aleck later. But she must reach the cabin now.

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Matter of the Estate of Charles I. Timpany, late of the Township of Malahide, in the County of Elgin, Yeoman, Deceased.

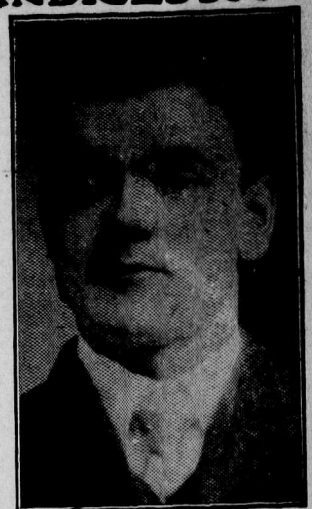
Notice is hereby Given pursuant to Section 56 of the Trustee Act, being Chapter 121, Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1914, and amending acts if any, that all Creditors and other persons having any claims whatsoever upon or against the Estate or property of Charles I. Timpany, late of the Township of Malahide, in the County of Elgin, Yeoman, who died on or about the Twenty-seventh day of August, in the year of our Lord, One thousand nine hundred and Twenty-five, are on or before the Twelfth day of January, A.D. 1926, to send by post prepaid or deliver to the undersigned Solicitor for the Executors of the last Will and Testament and Codicil of the said Charles I. Timpany, deceased, at his office, Brown House Block, Aylmer, Ontario, a Statement in writing of their names and addresses, and full particulars of claims with vouchers, and the nature and value of all securities, if any, held by them.

And Notice is hereby Further Given that after the said last mentioned date, the said Executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased amongst the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which notice shall have been received as above required and the said Executors will not be liable or responsible to any person of whose claim notice shall not have been received as aforesaid, at the time of such distribution for the assets of the Estate or any part thereof so distributed.

Dated at Aylmer this eleventh day of December A.D., 1925.

A. E. HAINES,  
 Solicitor for the Executors  
 Cornell Thompson, Glidden B. Vining and Ethel P. Vining

## Total Wreck From Chronic INDIGESTION



JOHN F. LOGAN  
 31 Beech St., ST. CATHARINES, ONT.  
 Master Mechanic of The Canadian Cannery Company, Ltd.

For seven years I suffered with chronic indigestion, and stomach trouble. I traveled all over the country seeking assistance and I tried all the remedies money could buy, but all with the same result, so relief from my suffering.

After I ate my meals my condition seemed worse, I even tried dieting, but to no avail. My night's rest was always disturbed by severe stomach pains, until my physical condition became so run down, I was almost a total wreck, weighing only 105 pounds.

Finally I tried a bottle of Dr. Sullivan's Sure Solvent, and can honestly say that I got more relief from the first bottle than all other remedies combined. I naturally continued to take it, and it was not very long before my indigestion and stomach trouble disappeared entirely.

In less time than I would have believed possible I had built up my constitution to such an extent that I felt like a new man, having increased my weight 45 pounds. I am certainly very grateful to Dr. Sullivan's Sure Solvent, and earnestly recommend it to anyone having chronic indigestion and stomach trouble.

**DR. SULLIVAN'S SURE SOLVENT**  
 Is sold by all Druggists  
 Satisfaction or money back

There was not a minute or a second to lose if she was to get there ahead of Jamae and Carter. She began to run again, following a path through the meadow into the strip of forest between the settlement and the shore of the lake. Her feet and Peter's had worn this trail smooth and she knew that in the thickening gloom of smoke and night she was travelling who were going by the rougher tote, faster than Carter and Jamae Clamart, road. In ten minutes she reached the cliff which ran westward along the lake.

Here she was high, and there were no trees to shut out her view of the ridge country. What she saw appalled

(Continued on Page Ten)

## DOMINION STORES LIMITED

CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL GROCERS  
 "Where Quality Counts"

### A HAPPY NEW YEAR

We wish to take this opportunity of thanking our many customers for the wonderful patronage they have accorded us this year, and added to our hearty wish for a Happy New Year is our sincere promise to do all in our power to make it more prosperous by saving you many dollars during the year on your groceries.

**CAMPBELL'S TOMATO SOUP 2 TINS 21c**  
 ALL OTHER KINDS 2 TINS 25c

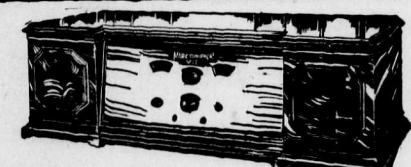
<b>MIXED NUTS</b> WHILE THEY LAST <b>25c lb.</b>	<b>LEMON AND ORANGE CANDIED PEEL</b> <b>23c lb.</b>	<b>WINES</b> PORT, SHERRY, GRAPE, GINGER <b>31c</b>
--	--	---

<b>TABLE FIGS IN LAYERS</b> <b>25c lb.</b>	<b>HALLOWI DATES</b> <b>2 lb. 25c</b>	<b>FINEST FILA TRA CURRANTS</b> <b>2 lb. 23c</b>	<b>SEEDLESS RAISINS</b> <b>2 lb. 25c</b>
---	--	---	---

<b>DELICIOUS RICH FRUIT CAKE</b> PLAIN OR ALMOND ICED <b>35c lb.</b>	<b>CALIFORNIA NAVEL ORANGES</b> <b>39, 47, 55c Doz.</b>
--	--

<b>DOMINION STORES TEA</b> TEAS OF QUALITY <b>RICHMELO 79c lb.</b> SELECT D.S.L. Bulk 69c lb. 59c lb.	<b>MACARONI and 3 lbs. SPAGHETTI 25c</b> <b>NEW CHEESE 28c lb.</b> Dominion Loaf Cheese 35c lb.	<b>MAYFIELD BRAND SLICED BACON</b> Best for Breakfast <b>40c lb.</b>
--	---	--

**FRESH ROLLED OATS 6 lb. 25c**



## You Can't Get Away From These Facts

Back of the new Marconiphones is the biggest name in Radio. Into them is built 23 years' experience of Marconi engineers. Practically every item of equipment is Marconi-designed and made in Canada. Furthermore, every Marconiphone is critically tested for long distance reception before leaving our factory, carrying an individual, signed slip showing distant stations received.

### Two New Marconiphones—

VI—A 4-valve set with 6-valve volume.  
 VII—An 8-valve superheterodyne with resistance-coupled amplification which completely eliminates distortion.

Write for descriptive booklet "A."

CANADIAN MARCONI COMPANY  
 MONTREAL

**MARCONIPHONE VII**  
 "A Marconi Radio Receiver is never obsolete"

Phone A226  
**LINDSAY'S GARAGE**  
 for Demonstration

Burgess B Batteries and Radio Tubes for sale